

The LYING WHIG

Drawn in his own Colours;

The Whigs who such damnable falsehoods devise, Are true begot Sons of the Father of Lyes.

To the Tune of Packingtons Pound.

this may be Printed R. L S.

I.

How wretched is *England* above any Nation
E're since the rebellious Whig-reformation!
The Gospel our Faith did formerly guide,
But it would not with Traytors principles fide:
When other Grounds needed,
The Whig-lyes succeeded,

And by the Saint-party are equally heeded:
These carry on cleverly the *Good old Cause*:
In spite of all Truth, Religion and Laws.

II.

The Heads of the Party first met in Caball
Coyn Lyes, and then tofs them about like a Ball;
The rabble to fright, or keep them in mettle, (tle:
For fear they should to the King's Government fet-
As soon as come out

They spread them about (rout,
By Gossips and Block-heads 'mongst the rabble
which they blindly credit, and each silly Soul
Drinks poysonous Treason by swallowing them

III.

No more holy Bibles now Printed must be,
Says Whig, though the contrary daily we see;
The City must fall by Cannon or Fire
Or Massacres none but themselves do conspire:
Thus the rabble they ply
With many a damn'd lye,

That desperate grown they may rise at their cry,
Their merciful Sovereign thus they traduce,
And his Generosity daily abuse.

IV.

What Prophecies did the King's Crowning fore-run,
Assuring us sadly 't should never be done!
The Drum in Well-bottom did sound the same tone,
And under St. James's was heard many a groan;
Nay Spright was seen there,
To put folks in fear,

Which n'er but before a Kings death did appear,
All which blaz'd about by the busy Whig-Elves,
Show plain they intended to kill him themselves.

V.

King Charles, whose mild soul no malice could move
These Whigs summon'd down from Heaven above;
His errand contrived was on the best fashion,
To usher in *Perkin's* foul-mouth'd Declaration:
While he was alive
The Villains did strive

Of life with a Blunderbus him to deprive:
And now that with Happiness his Soul is blest,
These Sorcerers will not allow his Ghost rest.

VI.

Brave *Albemarle*, as we were told without erring,
Was certainly kill'd as dead as a Herring;
His Corps brought near to the Coffin bespoke
And the Ground for his Burial broke;

None must trust their Eyes

In their Mysteries,

These infalliable Coxcombs can never tell lyes
What e're they hold forth to the Whig-ridden
rabble
s sure as their Faith and made current by babble.

VIII.

Argyle, that Arch-Traytor, half *Scotland* had won
Crys Whig, when his party was utterly undone:
His Army did full forty thousand contain,
When the run-away Rebel alone did remain;
Though beat and forsaken
He could not be taken,

Nay now his Head's off they to life him awaken.
So all the Whig says must backwards be read,
Argyle is still living and *Albemarle's* dead.

IX.

This Bully your Id'ot, that small man of might,
With three hundred men would kill all out-right:
His invincible Army was fifteen mile long,
And full fifty thousand in number was strong;

Nay when he was beat

They tell us that yet

At *Chester* he has twenty thousand compleat:
But sure now *Jack Catch* has chopt off his head,
At length you'll believe your great Hector is dead.

X.

You thought your grand Worthies so valiant and
They'd dye in the Field e'r their party they'd leave;
But *Gray's* matchless valour, his friends all forsaken
Was in a vile habit ridiculously taken,

And *Monmouth* was such

He did not thiak much

To run from the battle, and lurk in a Ditch;
And dye on a Scaffold in shamfulest manner,
Rather than in the Field. the bed of Honour.

XI.

You obstinate Whigs at length open your Eys,
See how the Worlds Sovereign Rebellion defys!
Consider what Providences daily meet,
Our Kings to protect, and your Plots to defeat.

What e're you contrive

It never can thrive,

(strive;
And all your attempts 'gainst the stream do but
Then give God the Glory, fall to your Vocation,
That Trade may enrich, and Peace blefs our Nati-

XII.

(on
Behold our great King like the glorious Son
In full lustre shines while your Meteor falls down:
Three thousand of his, to curb your vain boast,
Has beaten your Rebels invincible host:

He's generous and brave

Weak Penitents to save,

But obstinate Ring-leaders Justice must have:
Crave mercy and leave your lyes fram'd to affright
The Nation distracted, and do the Truth right.

XIII.

And all you good people, at length for mere shame
Your thoughts to abused
Your recti-